

were still dry, he should have built a smudge. He should have had a compass. He should have had a topographical map of the region. He should have waited until he was rescued. Next time he will attend to these matters.

But Donn had inherent qualities that were just as valuable as the equipment of an Eagle Scout. He made mistakes in his woodsmanship but not in his courage. He did not lose his head. He found water, berries and a gunnysack. He followed streams downhill, which is a good thing to do when lost in mountainous country. He wouldn't give up, because, as he said, "my father wouldn't like that."

Donn comes from a commuting town close to New York. There is little exposure to the rigors of untamed nature in the neighborhood of Rye. But he has stuff that Davy Crockett or Dan'l Boone would have recognized as good. He is one more bit of evidence that the race of boys in this country is not deteriorating.

HE DIDN'T GIVE UP

Any Boy Scout—including Donn himself—could have told Donn Fendler what to do when he found himself lost in the wilderness of Mount Katahdin. As soon as he was certain that he had missed the saddle trail for which he was looking he should have stopped, till the fog cleared away or, if necessary, till morning. If his matches